DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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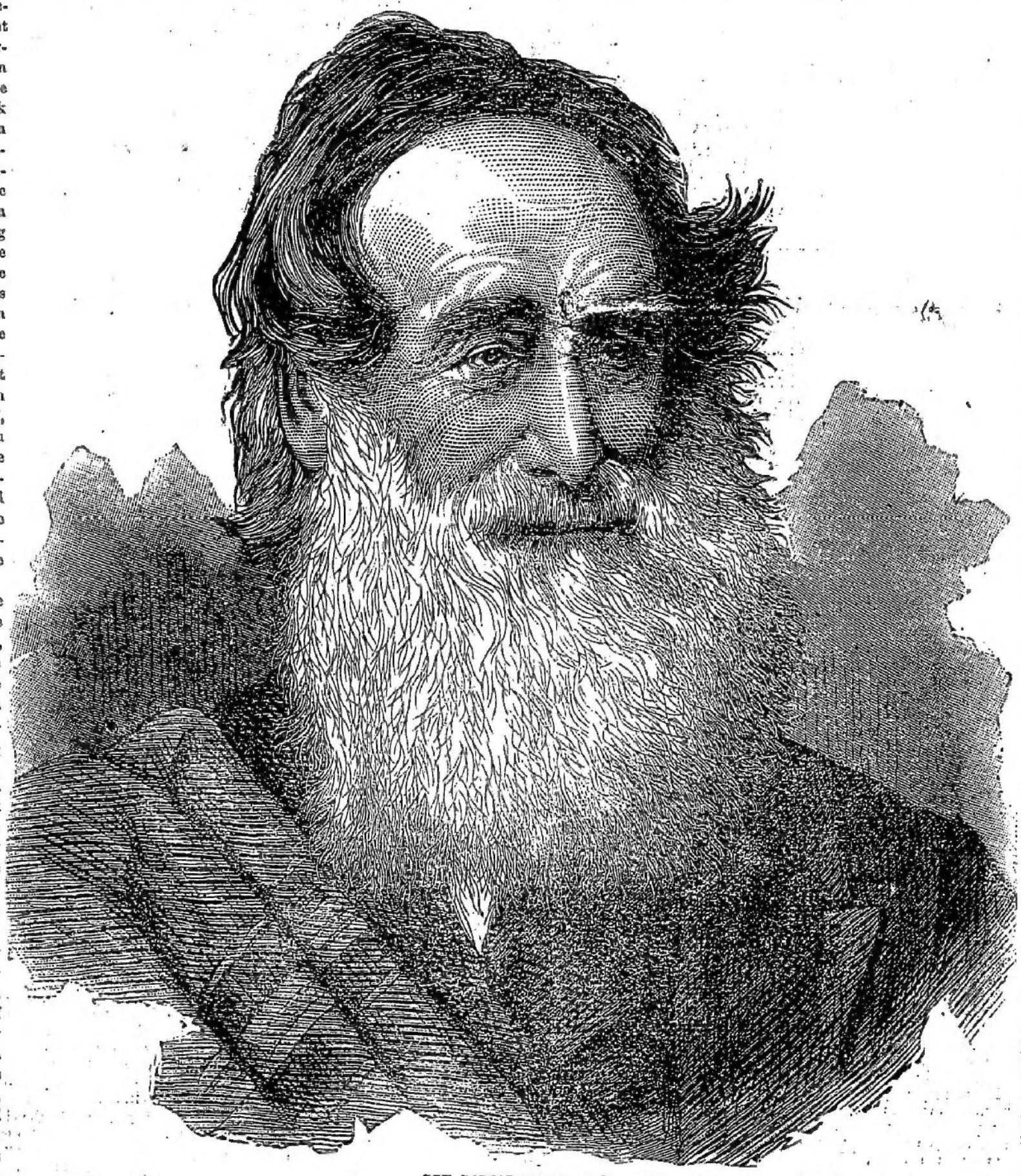
THE APOSTLE OF SOUTH AFRICA

Robert Moffat, for more than fifty years a laborious and useful missionary in South Africa, died August 10, in his British home, at the great age of eighty-eight years. He was born at Ormiston, East Lothian, Scotland, in 1795. Religiously brought up by pious parents, his attention was turned to the missionary work by a placard on a wall announcing a missionary meeting. The meeting had been held before young Moffat read the placard, but the poster did its work. Early in October, 1816, the youthful missionary was set apart to his work in Surrey Chapel, London. John Williams, the "Martyr of Erromanga," and seven others were ordained as missionaries at the same time.

In due time he reached the Cape of Good Hope, and after some delay, which he improved in learning something of the Dutch language he was permitted to go to work in the interior. Much of his early work was done under great hardship. The Chief, Africaner, was his first parishioner—of whom the missionary had been warned that of the teacher's body he would make a target, and of his skin a drum, and of his skull a drinking-cup. But Africaner was converted, and became useful in working for his people.

The greater part of Dr. Moffat's missionary life was passed at Kuruman, among the Bechuanas. He describes the work of translating the Scriptures which he was led into undertaking. We quote his own language: "I still remember distinctly when I first became a missionary the great undertaking it seemed to be to learn the language of the people among whom I was placed. There were no interpreters to teach us a single word, and great difficulties were thrown in the missionaries' way. However, I labored on, gathering a few words at a time from one and another until I could string sentences together, and make my wishes known to the natives. I could make you laugh, as I laughed when I discovered them, at jokes perpetrated toward us by the natives, and amusing things that occurred to us during our enquiries; but I labored on. During all this time we had not a friend in the whole nation, not an individual that loved or respected us, or who wished us to remain among them; and, although they tried to drive us out, we persevered, and by God's grace and assistance overcame every difficulty. How ardently I desired to see the New Testament in Sechuana, that I might read it to the natives, and that they might learn to read it for themselves. I managed after a time to translate small portions and read them to the people in their own tongue. The mission, I saw, could make no firm footing among them unless the Scriptures were translated. The task of accomplishing this you can scarcely imagine. When I first came out to Africa I had not the slightest intention of ever engaging in such a work. I never



REV. ROBERT MOFFAT, D. D.

aimed at being more than a preacher. I was urged, however, to persevere in acquiring the language, and to undertake the translation of the Scriptures; but I thought it altogether beyond my powers. I wrote to the directors that I could not do it, and begged them to send some one out who could. I felt that I had not sat long enough at the feet of any Gamaliel to qualify me. I then heard that my brother-in-law had been ordained to the ministry, and was to join me, and as he had received a liberal education, I prepared materials for him to begin with immediately after his arrival, but his destination was altered; he was sent to the East Indies. I wrote again to the directors, telling them that if they did not send some one to translate the Scriptures I should return home. By-and-by Mr. Robson came out, as I thought, for the work, but he remained in the colony. After this I also visited the colony, and met brother Elliott, now gone to heaven. He, I hoped, might be allowed us, but that was inconvenient. At last I brought myself to the resolution that if no one else would I would undertake it myself. I entered heartily upon the work. For many years I had no leisure, every spare moment being devoted to translating, and I became a stranger even in my own family. There was labor every day for back, for hands, for head. This was especially the case during the time Mr. Edwards was there; our condition was almost one of slavery. Still the work advanced, and at length I had the satisfaction of completing the New Testament. Of this six thousand copies were printed by the home society. The whole were soon distributed and found insufficient. When Dr. Livingstone came he urged me to begin at once with the Old Testament. That was a most stupendous work. Before taking it in hand I passed many sleepless nights. Since, however, it was the wish of all that I should undertake it, I did so, and went on from time to time as I had leisure, daily and nightly. I stuck to it as far as to the end of Kings, when I became completely done up. The directors were themselves afraid that I was killing myself. I was advised to go home, to leave the work, but I decided otherwise. I determined, on the contrary, to look up Moselekatse, and went off in company with a son of brother Edwards. By the time I had found the chief I was all right again. Coming back, I resumed my work, and have continued it to completion; and now I can look forward to the Word of God being read by thousands of Bechuanas in their own mother tongue."

Concerning the results he was permitted to see accomplished during his long life—and others can attribute no small part of those results under God to his labors—he speaks thus:

When first I went to the Kuruman, scarcely an individual could go beyond. Now they travel in safety as far as the Zambesi. Then we were strangers, and they could not understand us. We were treated with indignity, as the outcasts of society, who, driven from our own race, took refuge with them. But bearing in remembrance what our Saviour underwent, we persevered, and much success has rewarded our efforts. Now it is safe to traverse any part of the country, and traders travel far beyond Kuruman without fear of molestation. Formerly men of one native tribe could not travel through another's territory, and wars were frequent. Where one station was scarcely tolerated there are several. The Moravians have their missionaries, the Berlin Society theirs. Others, too, are occupied in the good work, besides many native gospel teachers. For many years we saw not the conversion of a single individual; for years again we had only one; but by the blessing of God on great exertion almost wherever we go we now meet with companies of natives who profess to be members of the church of Christ. Not very long since it was considered dangerous to travel into the interior, in fact half a dozen miles from the station. Now, I am happy to say, the natives can be depended upon, and it is quite common for traders to travel through their midst without the least fear of plunder or interruption. In former times traders were often basely murdered, or at best, not permitted to return. Now all fears have been dispelled. Once the natives would not buy anything, not even a pocket-handkerchief. They might now and then be induced to buy a few trinkets or some beads, but nothing of a substantial or useful character. It is not so now. No less than sixty thousand pounds' worth of British manufactures pass yearly into the hands of the native tribes round about Kuruman. During my early mission life I often heard of men of one tribe going to trade with another and being murdered. I was at a native place when a thing of that sort once occurred. A party of men had come two hundred miles to dispose of some articles. The resident natives, taking a dislike to them, set upon and killed two of the number. I asked them why they had done this, and tried to show them that it was wrong. They seemed to know that, and from that time I have never heard of anything of the sort. They are now always ready to meet any traders or other persons. Companies of natives can be passed through without fear, and they show special respect to the missionaries. Many natives at the Kuruman are well able to discuss and argue upon the doctrines of Christ. I do not mean that they can enter into any lengthy or out-of-the-way points, but this I will say, that they can argue with sense upon any general question. They may not always stick to a text, but they will rarely go out-side of the Bible. And these are a people who forty years ago were nothing better than savages, but who, by the blessing of God upon the labors of those who have devoted their lives to their work, have been brought to be intelligent disciples of the gospel of Christ.

At the age of seventy-five, having with his devoted wife, performed upward of half a century of missionary labor, Dr. Moffat returned to his native land, where he has spent the remnant of his days, rendering at home important services to the cause of which he had given the strength of his life. His friends presented him in 1873 with a sum of money so invested as to give him a comfortable support. He has been honored in his ripe old age by Christians of every name in Great Britain, and his presence, even when he was unable to utter a word, has been an inspiration in many a meeting held to advance the missionary cause.

What noble and forever abiding results a consecrated life can accomplish!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE OPIUM HABIT.

Opium demands emphatic recognition. It is made, as you know, from the white poppy. It is not a new discovery. We read of it three hundred years before Christ but it was not until the seventeenth century that it began its death march, passing out from the medicinal and the curative, and by smoking and mastication becoming the scourge of nations. In the year 1861 there were imported into this country 107,000 pounds of opium, but last year 533,000 pounds of opium. It is estimated than in the year 1876 there were in this country 225,000 opium-consumers; but I saw statistics yesterday that said there are probably now in the United States at least 500,000 opium-consumers. The fact is appalling.

"Do not think that they are merely barbaric Asiatics who go down under that stroke. Read the great De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." He says for the first ten years it gave him the keys of paradise; but it takes his own powerful pen to describe the horrors consequent. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, after conquering the world with his pen, was conquered by opium. The most magnetic and brilliant lawyer of this century fell a victim to its stroke, and there are thousands of men and women—but more women than men—who are being bound, body, mind, and soul, to this terrific habit.

There is a great mystery about some families. You do not know why they do not get on. The opium habit is so stealthy, so deceitful, and so deathful. You can cure a hundred drunkards easier than you can cure an opium-eater. I have heard of cases of reformation, but I never saw any. I hope there are cases of genuine reformation. I have seen men who for forty years have been the victims of strong drink thoroughly reformed; but the opium-eaters that I have seen go on and go down. Their cry in the last hour of life is not of God, nor for prayer, nor for the Bible, but for opium. Perhaps there are only two persons outside the household who know what is the matter—the physician and the pastor; the physician called in for physical relief, the pastor called in for spiritual relief: but they both fail.

Oh, man! oh, woman! are you tampering with this habit? have you just begun? are you, for the assuagement of physical distresses or mental trouble, making this a regular resource? I beg you to stop. The ecstasies at the start will not pay for the horrors at the last. The paradise is followed too soon by the pandemonium. Morphia is a blessing from God for the relief of sudden pang or acute dementia, but was never intended for prolonged use. And what is the peculiar sadness of it is, it comes to people in their weak moments. De Quincey says, "I took it for rheumatism." Coleridge says, "I took it for insomnia or sleeplessness." What do you take it for? For God's sake, do not take it too long.

What is remarkable, they are going down from the highest and the wealthiest classes, and from the most fashionable circles of New York and Brooklyn—going down by hundreds and by thousands. Over 20,000 opium-eaters in Chicago. Over 20,000 opium-eaters in St Louis. In the same proportion, that would make over 70,000 in New York and Brooklyn. The clerk of the drug store, says, I can tell them when they come in. There is something peculiar about their complexion, something peculiar about their nervousness, something peculiar about the look of their eyes that immediately reveals them." In some families chloral is taking the place of opium. Physicians first prescribe it for sleeplessness. Then the patient keeps on because he likes the effect. Whole tons of chloral are manufactured in Germany. Baron Liebig says that he knows one chemist in Germany who manufactures a half-ton of chloral every week. There are multitudes being taken down by this habit. Look out for hydrate of chloral. But I am under this head writing chiefly of opium. It seems to me there ought to be ten thousand pulpits turned into quaking, flaming, thundering Sinais of warning against this plague narcotic. The devil of morphia in this country will be mightier than the devil of alcohol. But nepenthe and hasheesh and opium and chloral shall not have all the field to themselves.—*Sunday Magazine.*

LITTLE JOHNNIE'S WORK.

Johnnie is a great sufferer and has to use a crutch. A few days after Mr. T. E. Murphy came to Belfast, last April, Johnnie went into a shop in High Street and signed the pledge and put on the bit of blue. As soon as he had donned the blue he asked for five pledge papers to take home with him to get filled up. After about an hour's absence he took them back signed, and requested twelve more. During the afternoon of the same day the little brother and sister of Johnnie went to the shop, he was too tired to go himself, and excitedly said—"Johnnie has got a woman who drinks to sign one of these papers. Please will you send him some more as these are all used. Every day for nearly five weeks he either went himself or sent his little brother and sister to get cards filled and the "bit of blue," until he got two hundred and thirty-one pledges. As soon as it was known in the district where he lives that Johnnie had pledge papers, a great many people went to his house to sign the pledge. The work he did soon told upon him. He was so prostrated by it that he had to keep in bed for a week. Some of the cases he visited are very interesting. He went into a house and asked a man to sign the pledge and take the bit of blue. The man was not willing to do so and offered him a chain if he would go away. Johnnie would not take the chain. What he wanted was to get the man to become a teetotaler. After persevering for some little time, the man consented to enrol his name, and up to the present has remained faithful to his promise. Johnnie went to a house near his own, and asked a man, if he would please join the Blue Ribbon Mission, urging as a reason that he would be far happier if he did so. The man was not at all inclined to give up his little drop for any one. Not at all discouraged at this, Johnnie talked and reasoned with him, until he said that he would, and at once commenced to write his name, but to Johnnie's dismay the pen broke in two (we must suppose it was an accident.) The man for the moment seemed quite relieved, doubtless thinking that he was delivered from the boy's talk for a little while at any rate. But not so: Johnnie went home as fast as he could, and got his own pen, and lest the man should break that also, he put another one into his pocket, saying to himself, "I fancy I shall get him to sign this time." Johnnie knew how to obviate a difficulty. He got the man's name, who, thank God, has been faithful to his colors from that time until now. A man gave his little boy some money and sent him to buy a bottle of porter. On his way to the public-house the child remembered that he had a few days before taken the pledge from Johnnie, and that he ought not to buy the porter. He stood a moment on the street thinking about the matter, when off he went to a sweetie shop and bought a bottle of lemonade, which he brought home and gave it and the change to his father, saying, "this will do you far more good than the beer, and besides I can not buy beer now father, because I took the pledge last week with Johnnie. The lad put it in such a nice way that instead of his father being angry he sent for two pledge papers which he and his wife signed, and are truly thankful for Johnnie's influence over their little boy. In this way has dear Johnnie been working with great success. During his visits among the people if he came across anyone who did not attend church or Sunday-school, he earnestly entreated them to do so. The great secret of Johnnie's success is prayer. He is a devoted lad. Both his parents sympathize heartily in the work in which their invalid boy takes such delight. He prays frequently that God may enable the pledge-takers to keep their vow, and that God would give them grace and strength to resist every temptation to take strong drink.—*Irish League Journal.*

FAITHFUL TOM.

The Rev. Charles Garrett the president of the Wesleyan Conference says: "I once went into a house—the house of one of my foremost friends—and there was a bright eyed boy to whom my heart was especially drawn. I said to him, "Tom, I wish you would be a teetotaler." His father spoke up at once, and said, "Mr. Garrett, the only thing I don't like about you is your teetotalism." I replied, "I believe you, sir, are incorrigible, but Tom is not. Let me have him!" The father replied, "Well I will do anything you want." "Then," I replied, "just let me have the chance of making him a teetotaler. Will you be a teetotaler?" The boy looked to his father for approval, who said, "You may, Tom, if you like; but mind, Mr. Garrett, he shall be the only one in the family." "But here is William; let me have him too." "Oh! no," was the reply; "it is all very well for children, but William is in business, and he must be a man." They went their way. Tom was firm and faithful. I knelt with Willie when he found mercy. I went home with him from the sanctuary when his eyes were red with weeping. His father poured out a glass of wine, and the lad took it into his hand, and said, "Mr. Garrett, this is a good creature of God. My father always told me so. I wish you would have a glass. You are killing yourself with work: but if I can't do anything else, I will drink to your health." What was the result? The last time I met that father he was in London, and then I heard that that beautiful home where that event had taken place, had been broken up by the drunkenness of that very William. That lad had been in prison, and he was now transported, and Tom, the little bonny boy who was allowed to be a teetotaler, was keeping the family. Let fathers, then, set an example their children might safely follow. Fathers often declare that they would die for their children. There is no need to die—let them live for their children.

NOT ONLY is temperance hygiene to form part of the studies in all the Vermont schools, but all the teachers of the State are to pass an examination by November 1, 1883, in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic stimulants upon the human system.

WE SAW a specimen of modern politeness, the other day. Two gentlemen were going up in an elevator. A lady came aboard, and both men took off their hats, but continued to puff the smoke of their cigars in her face.

A LITTE GIRL in the city of Washington, thirteen years old, is so enslaved by her appetite for beer that they cannot trust her out on the street alone.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

From an old English Parsonage,
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight,
A message to me.
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching from heaven;
And on through the hours,
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration.
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath its quieting here.
Moment by moment,
Let down from Heaven,
Time, opportunity,
Guidance, are given.
Fear not to-morrow,
Child of the King:
Trust them with Jesus!
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Oh! He would have thee
Daily more free;
Knowing the might
Of thy royal degree.
Ever in waiting,
Clad for His call;
Tranquil in chastening,
Trusting through all.
Comings and goings,
No turmoil need bring;
His all thy future:
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Do it immediately,
Do it with prayer;
Do it reliantly,
Casting all care;
Do it with reverence,
Tracing His hand
Who hath placed it before thee
With earnest command.
Stayed in Omnipotence,
Safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings;
DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Looking to Jesus,
Ever serener,
Working or suffering,
Be thy demeanor.
In the shade of His presence,
The rest of His calm,
The light of His countenance,
Live out thy psalm.
Strong in His faithfulness,
Praise Him and sing;
Then, as He beckons thee,
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

BUSY MOTHERS.

I know you feel quite weary to-night, busy mother, and that basket of mending seems to have grown larger since you left it twenty-four hours ago. You give a tired sigh as you pick up one of its many stockings and think what a busy day you have spent.

I wonder if all the energy and effort you have put forth to-day have been expended in the right direction. It would be a pity to waste so much strength, and yet I fear that a great part of it has been misapplied. Let us talk it over.

Your little baby boy came to you with a very sore heart this morning. Some one had broken his whip and lost his marbles; life seemed very hard to him just then. But you had risen early to finish a letter which you felt must be mailed at once, and with a hurried kiss and "Never mind, darling," the little heart was forced to be content.

Later in the day your little girl came in from school, so eager to discuss some plan her companions were forming, and to ask your opinion of the side she had taken. But you were packing a missionary box, and told her to wait till dinner; you could not stop a minute.

Your eldest daughter had some very serious words spoken to her in that afternoon drive, but when she came in all flushed and excited you were far too much interested in your sewing to do aught but say, "The drive has given you quite a color. Do come help me finish this dress."

Still later, your husband returned home tired with his day's work. He hoped to find you all alone, ready to discuss some business changes he anticipated, but you were busy trying to get him something very nice for tea. Now tea is over, and you are ready to listen, but he has fallen asleep over his newspaper, and you are almost content; for this has been a busy day, and you are glad to have a quiet moment. As you think of its many duties you feel almost pleased to think nothing had been neglected.

And to a certain extent you are right. That letter and that box surely ought to have gone off to-day; that piece of work and the agreeable supper were certainly most important, and yet were they not every one the "mint, anise, and cummin," compared with those other "weightier matters of the law?" Surely our children's demands should be our first consideration. They need our sympathy and our interest infinitely more than does any other cause. It will not matter in after years whether their dresses were fashionably made, but it will matter a great deal whether they always had our help or not. What they want is not our handiwork, but our sympathy, our very hearts. Would it not be sweet for them to remember that in their childhood they never failed to get "mother's ear" when wanted?

I once heard a merry girl laughingly say, "If I wished to arrange a private wedding I could never get any help from mother. She is always too busy to talk to me." And that mother was, without exception, the most unselfish and devoted I ever knew, but was, as her daughter said, always too busy to talk to her children. Afterwards, when I heard that that girl had married against her parent's wishes, after a long secret engagement, I wondered if her mother remembered that speech. I did with a pang of sorrow, for I felt that even then that young heart was yearning for counsel.

Every outside duty, whether for church or society, every outside engagement, for no matter what cause, ought always to be regarded as second, for all of our time belongs first to our children. May God help us all upon whom he has laid the precious burden of motherhood. From the time the six months' old infant looks knowingly into our eyes till the day that death dissolves the tie, our responsibility cannot be over estimated, and we have need to feel that only in God's strength can we conquer, only by his help can we overcome. Daily, hourly, we have need to cry, "O God, guide us with thy counsel, and afterwards receives us into glory."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

BY AFRA.

Experience shows us that unless the habit of being orderly is cultivated in youth, it will never be ours in mature years. The disorderly girl may be subject to spasmodic fits of tidiness, and at such times her closets, drawers and boxes are put in order, but as these attacks are but temporary they are soon over and the old way fallen into again. Such a girl may be good and clever in many respects, but her want of order and system, besides being an inconvenience to herself, will also be more or less a trial to those about her. Girlhood is the time when habits are formed and if an impulse to be orderly is followed, then it will grow upon us, until it will become a second nature and disorder will be a pain to us.

If, however, during these years we are careless, put things in their proper places if it is convenient, and if not leave them around for some other member of the household to pick up and put away for us, we are doing ourselves an injury which if not now apparent will be when we have reached womanhood. Some girls make their things last so much longer than others, and we wonder by what magic they can be worn so long without looking shabby. The reason is that they take good care of them; their clothes are carefully brushed and the slightest spot upon them removed before hanging them away, ribbons and laces are folded and laid away with care, gloves are mended when the tiniest hole shows itself, a button from a shoe is restored immediately, and the stitch in time keeps many a wardrobe looking fresh and new which otherwise would become old and worn out if neglected from time to time. Girls! don't give way to self-indulgence and laziness in regard to your own personal belongings. If you have a desire to leave things around, or to put off mending a garment because you don't feel like it, do not yield to it, for every time you do you are strengthening the impulse to be disorderly and are taking the steps that will influence your character for the whole of your future life.—*Household.*

SELF-CARE WHILE NURSING.

To those who are called upon to nurse the sick through a long and severe illness, it is of the utmost importance, not only to themselves, but to their patient, that their own health should be preserved and their own strength maintained, not only throughout the critical stage, but during the period of convalescence, sometimes so tediously prolonged. To all such we submit the following simple precautions, to aid them in preserving their own health while attending the sick.

If the malady of the patient be such as to cause any marked odor of the breath or noticeable exhalations from the skin, take care always to sit on that side of the bed or sick person which is opposite to or away from the direction which the effluvia take toward the windows or draft of a fireplace. Sit so that their breath, etc., is carried away from you. Do not sit too close to them, or take their breath if you can avoid it.

To keepone's own strengthin a case of pro longed care, particularly if obliged to sit up all night for many nights in succession, great benefit will be derived from taking a warm bath early in the morning, and putting on fresh undergarments every second morning or if the disease be particularly infectious in its nature, it is best to change the underclothing every morning. It will be found that the warm bath, followed by brisk rubbing of the whole body with a coarse Turkish towel or flesh brush, will refresh the wearied body almost as much as sleep.—*Christian Union.*

APPLES FOR DESSERT.—There are many nice ways of cooking apples for dessert or tea. Our favorite way is to remove the cores from large, tart apples that will cook quickly, peel them after coring, and put them on a plate which will fit into your steamer and will also be presentable at table. But one layer of apples can be prepared at a time. When steamed through and thoroughly cooked, but not broken, remove from the steamer and set away to cool. When cool sift sugar over them, and cover with a frosting made from the whites of two eggs and two-thirds of a cup of sugar flavored with a little lemon. Put in a quick oven two or three minutes, and brown very lightly. These are nice and very simple, and at the same time make a handsome dish for the dessert or tea table. A plainer way is to core large apples—pearmains are delicious—but do not peel them. A little practice and a good corer, will enable one to remove the cores without cutting through the apple, removing the blossom end from the outside. Put them on a tin or granite ware pie plate, and fill the core cavities with sugar adding a little nutmeg or other spice as preferred. If the apples are not juicy, put a teaspoonful of water in each, and bake slowly till well done. These are very nice served warm.

A WORD TO GIRLS.—Many a girl is careless as to how much money a young man spends for her. $3 and $5 for a horse and carriage he can poorly afford, perhaps, yet she will go with him week after week with no particular interest in him, unmindful, apparently, whether he earns the money or takes it from his employer's drawer. He makes her expensive presents. He takes her to a concert, in going to which a horse-car ride for ten cents would be far wiser than a carriage ride for several dollars. A young man respects a young woman all the more who is careful of the way in which he spends his money, and who will not permit too much to be used for her. A thoughtful and well-bred girl will be wise about these matters.—*Presbyterian.*

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

A bridge there is most wonderful,
Yet o'er it never man did go;
And strangely, too, the waters are
Above its span, and yet below.
The people may go up and down
Beneath it, yet they do not drown;
Tall ships sail through it, masted high;
Beneath it bold the song-birds fly;
In wildest tempest it will stand;
Nor doth its keeper toll demand.

CHARADES ON NAMES OF BIRDS.

1. A color and a cover.
2. A smoothing iron.
3. A star and a fish.
4. A letter and a color.
5. A toy.
6. One hundred and a fight.
7. Flaxseed and a decoy.
8. A forest and a frolic.
9. Darkness, a preposition and a storm.
10. Two notes of the scale.
11. Equality and decay.
12. A ship and an account.
13. A cry and something pertaining to a cow.
14. A leafy room and a biped.
15. Scarlet and a part of the body.
16. Gravel and a Scotch player.
17. A wit and a part of a kite.
18. Golden and a carpenter's tool.
19. A twist and an isthmus.
20. A lash, moneyless, a testament.
21. A portion and an elevation.
22. A young cat and an Irish party.
23. A sign, a preposition and part of a calendar.

HIDDEN ISLANDS.

1. In the harbor there is a very nice landing for all ships of every nation.
2. I will take for my grub, a ham, a piece of bread, a chicken and an egg.
3. "I am going to tell Mary about it." "What are you thinking of, man? 'Till Esther herself comes to me, you *must not* say a word."
4. In the cabinet of a mineralogist may be found a little of everything; amber, mud, agates, plain looking and lovely stones.
5. I could have gone to Eastport; or I could have gone to Portland, in Maine.
6. From the morning paper I cut that missing slip. A ritualistic service in a Protestant church was the subject treated of, and I wanted to keep the notice.
7. The bridesmaids at the wedding this morning looked almost as lovely as the bride.
8. Do you know what a large sum a Trades' Union has to pay for its experience in a strike?
9. Mrs. Chauncey is homesick, and Mr. Chauncey longs to get home with her.
10. What will your dog do at the picnic? O, bark and growl, of course. Better leave him at home, then.
11. It must be a dreadful thing in an earthquake to have a closing gap, or elevation of the ground under one's feet, bring immediate danger to life or home.
12. When Henry wanted me to go with him on a frolic with some companions, I asked him how far? "O, ever so far," he said in reply, and I declined.
13. The matter I spoke of to you yesterday is *no longer* a secret; everybody knows about it now.
14. I went aboard the ship called the "Sylvan Die." Man slanders every other craft when *this one* carries him quickly and safely to his destination.
15. James, my boy, where is the calf? I really cannot tell, Father; but I will go and seek the straggler.
16. Get all the corn and wheat out of the crop you can; a rye crop is not so valuable.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

TRANSFORMATION.—Pearl. 1. Earl; 2. Ape; 3. Pear. 4. Ear; 5. Lap; 6. Pa; 7. Par; 8. Lea; 9. Pare; 10. Ale; 11. Pea.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.—1. Dashed—shaded. 2. Laid—dial. 3. Fringe—finger. 4. Stated—tasted. 5. Once—cone. 6. Trio—riot. 7. Hire heir. 8. Resist—sister. 9. Town—wont. 10. Least—stale. 11. Churl—lurch. 12. Steeped—deepest.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Part, trap; steam, ments; knee, keen; rate, taro; pear, reap; verse, serve.

BEHEADINGS.—1. Treason, reason. 2. Shark, hark, ark. *3 Malady, a lady.*

ENIGMA.—Magnolia.

GULLING THE PELICAN.

The seagull has two prominent characteristics, wit and impudence, which it exercises for its own benefit at the expense of its fellows. It is not at all nice in its choice of victims, but practises its rogueries with regard only to its own safety and profit. If the victim be small, then force alone is resorted to to obtain the coveted object, which is always something to eat; if strong, then wit is brought into play; and if stupid, then impudence accomplishes the same result. Nor is the gull unaware seemingly of the ludicrousness of the part it so often plays of making others do the work it ought and can do itself, as may be seen in its dealings with the pelican.

The brown pelican though its numbers have been greatly lessened, is still plentifully found along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and in Florida especially may be encountered without difficulty. It is indefatigable in two pursits—first fishing and then eating.

It is a ponderous, clumsy bird, with a body as large as a swan's but with enormous wings which enable it to fly with ease and power and almost with grace. The head, which is almost all bill, is not pretty, but, what is better, it is eminently useful, for it combines fish-spear and lunch-basket in one. The upper part of the bill terminates in a hook which is fatal to a fish, and the lower part is hung with an elastic pouch into which the captured prey are deposited until desired for eating.

As it has large webbed feet and swims well, it catches a great many fish, just as the ducks do; but it also has a very picturesque way of capturing its finny prey. It sails majestically over the water at a considerable height above it, glancing sharply about for victims in the transparent element below, until, catching a glimpse of one favorably disposed for capture it launches itself straight downward, and with bill projecting and wings folded cleaves the air like a bolt, transfixing the fish and by the impetus of its fall disappearing under the water, to return to the surface, however, with all the buoyancy of a cork, and with the quarry comfortably tucked away for future reference.

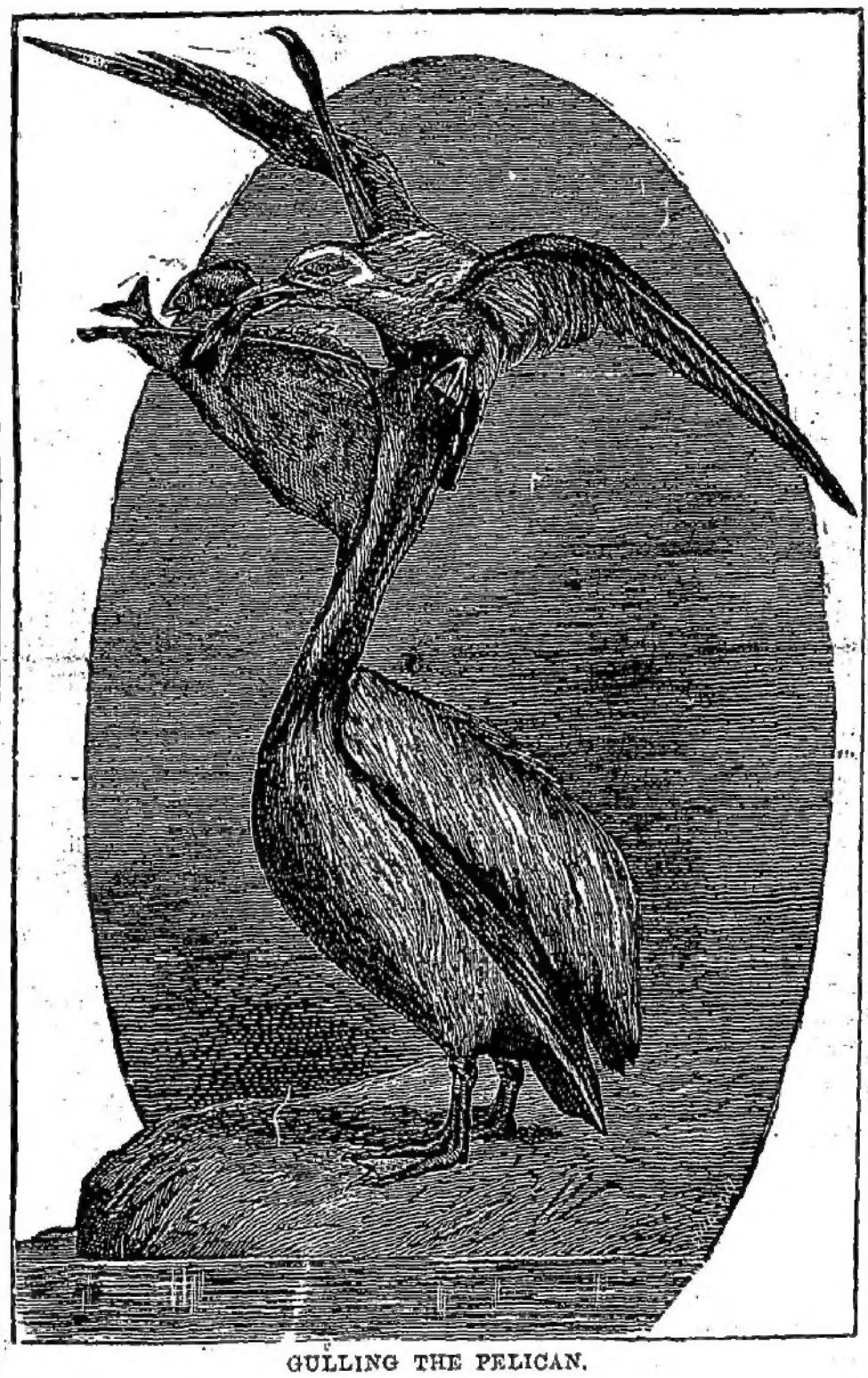
Having labored earnestly in this way until its pouch is full, the pelican seeks a long low ledge of rocks, and there in company with his fellows takes up his position in solemn earnestness to enjoy the fruits of his toil. A skilful toss of the head shoots a fish from the reservoir into the throat, and a gulp sends it on its way into the stomach. A little time for the pleasurable sensation of digestion, and again the head is tossed. And so the game is played with regularity by the whole grotesque line. The long heads are sometimes turned about and rested on the shoulders pointing backward, or more frequently are held pointing vertically downward.

Although a large and clumsy creature the pelican is not necessarily stupid; but by dint of frequent tossing of the well laden pouch it becomes at once gorged and dull, and then is the golden opportunity of the gull.

He impudently alights upon the very head of his victim, and waits patiently until the pelican receives warning from within that another fish is wanted. Up goes the bill, open gapes the awful mouth, out shoots a doomed fish—not into the ready throat, however, but into the waiting bill of the gull, which has adroitly twisted its head so that it can see all that is exposed of the pelican's internal economy, and has snatched the morsel and flown with a wild scream of laughter to eat it at its leisure, if indeed a gull ever had such a state of being.

The pelican is almost too stupid to know that it has been robbed, but the gull gives every evidence of enjoying the trick very little less than the booty.

It might be supposed that the pelicans would learn wisdom in the course of time, but they do not seem to have done so yet, for day after day along the coral reefs of the Florida coast may be seen long lines of gormandizing pelicans entertaining gulls in this way.—*Scientific American.*



GULLING THE PELICAN.

THE VIRTUE OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

In one of the boarding schools situated in a densely-populated district of Glasgow, Scotland, on the morning immediately succeeding the short vacation at the New Year time, the young lady and gentleman teachers at the head of the "infant" section were made the delighted recipients of a present from their young charges. The gifts, which were entirely unlooked for, consisted of two of those highly ornate short-cakes, with appropriate sentiments in sugar which we were all as children familiar with, and which as "old fogies" we do not entirely taboo. The purchase, doubtless, had been made at one of the neighboring confectioners, and the young donors laid their offerings blushingly and in childish fashion, without a word, before their teachers. Both were alike astonished, but the gentleman managed to stammer out some thanks. The young lady's delight was more lingering, and she, blushing, inquired what she had done to merit such kindness. For a time no response was made, until at last a chubby boy on a back bench chirruped out, "'Cause you're aye smilin' Miss." It was a day of smiles after that.—*Ex.*

A PLUCKY BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

The Rev. Mr. Ladd, sent about two years ago by the American Missionary Association to make arrangements for establishing missions in the region of the Upper Nile, gives the following account of an adventure with a snake on his way down the river. "Doctor and I were sitting on the bridge seeing what we could see, when I discovered a huge snake in the water swimming slowly and trying to cross the river. I rushed for the shot-gun, and although we had almost got beyond range, gave him both barrels with good effect. I jumped into the small boat with a number of men; the steamer put about and we went after that snake. As we neared him, however he began to show signs of life, and Doctor, fearing he might get away, fired two shots at him with the rifle from the bridge. The second ball struck, but glanced, leaving not the slightest trace of a mark, but stunned him so that he turned over on his back. We picked him up and found that we had got hold of a boa-constrictor. As soon as he was landed in the boat he came to again, and made it lively for us. His strength was something remarkable. He ran his head a little way under a board, and six men pulling with all their might and main could not get him out. He came out when he got ready, but then we had a rope around him, and hauled him on deck. There was a scattering of the crowd then. We choked him to death, cut his teeth out, and put him away. He came to life again, and broke one of the supports of the water-jar. Then Ibrahim stood on that snake's head till he was dead. We hung him up. He came to life again and nearly got away. Then we beat him on the head with a club till he was "as dead as a door nail." He came to life again! No use! We determined to conquer him this time, and proceeded to skin him. This was too much for him, and he concluded to remain dead He measured 9 ft. 6 in. in length, and 11½ in. around. I have preserved the skin and hope to have it stuffed. The sailors will eat the flesh."

THE HELMET CASSOWARY.

The cassowary (Casuarius), of which not less than nine distinct species have been discovered, differs from the emu in having a somewhat more slender body and hair-like feathers. The helmet is quite remarkable, and is composed of a cellular bony substance. It is barely perceptible in the young bird, not reaching its full development until the bird arrives at adult age. The plumage of the body is hair-like, with a tuft of down at the root of each shaft. The short, thick foot has three toes. The height of the bird is about five feet. These birds are found in the Malaccas.

The helmet cassowary (Casuarius galeatus, Struthio casuarius), shown in the engraving, has been the longest known of this family. The plumage is black, the back part of the head green, the neck is colored with blue, violet, and red, the bill is black, and the foot a yellowish gray. The young birds are brown.

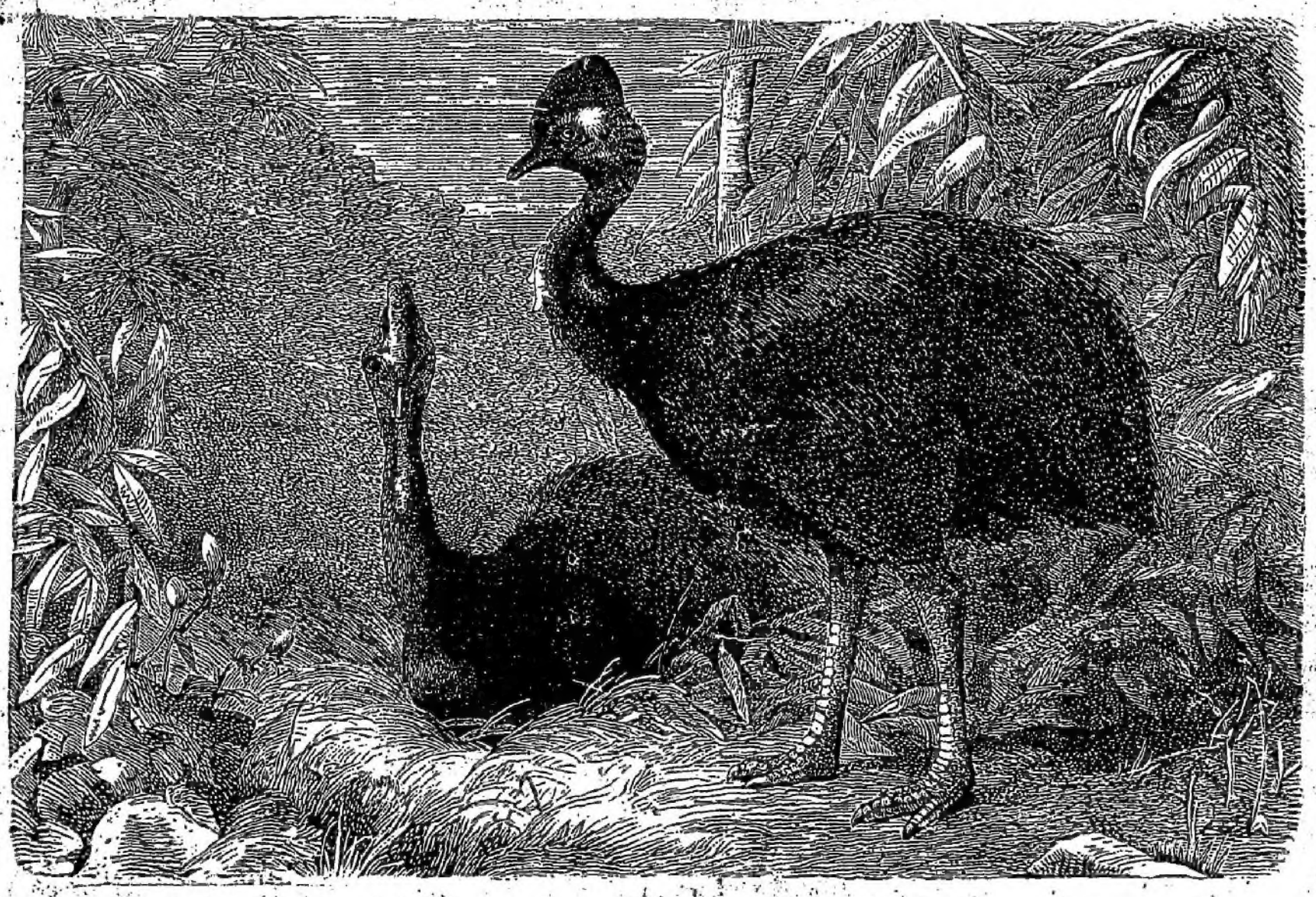
All travellers who tell us of the wild life of this bird agree that it inhabits the thickest forests, and leads a very retired life, and at the least appearance of danger it hastens away, and seeks to withdraw itself from the sight of men. How difficult it is to observe them may be seen from the fact that Miller never had the opportunity of seeing a cassowary, although he found their tracks and heard the noise of the bird fleeing through the thicket, and Wallace in Ceram could not make a single capture, although he sought for the bird in all its accustomed haunts. He says:—"These birds wander through the great mountain forests of Ceram, and subsist chiefly on fallen fruits and herbage. The female lays from three to five large beautifully granulated green eggs, and male and female sit alternately upon them for the space of a month.

All the cassowaries which have been taken to Europe were captured when young by the natives and brought up by them. This is perhaps the reason that many of them are tamed and appear to be gentle and confiding, although their original disposition is the reverse of this. They are naturally fierce, and take offence without any provocation. They are greatly excited by the sight of a scarlet cloth, and have a great antipathy toward ragged or unclean persons, sometimes attacking them.

They sometimes become ungovernable in captivity, and the keepers of zoological gardens say that one cannot be too cautious with the cassowary. "When irritated, they are formidable antagonists, turning rapidly about and launching a shower of kicks, which may do no small damage, their effect being heightened by the sharp claws with which the toes are armed." In confinement they often swallow whole apples and oranges. In the gardens they are given a mixture of bread, grain, cut up apples, etc., but it has been observed that young fowls or owls which come accidentally in their way are destroyed.

They often lay eggs in captivity, but it is very seldom that any young are raised. It is not often that a pair can be obtained that will live together in peace.

Another species of cassowary was discovered in the island of New Britain. Its native title is mooruk. A pair of these birds were purchased by Dr. Bennett in 1857 from Captain Devlin, and were sent to England. They were very tame, and ran around everywhere in the house and yard without fear. In time they became so obtrusive that they disturbed the servants in their work, for they would crowd through doors left ajar, follow the servants step by step, rummage in all the corners of the kitchen, spring upon the table and chairs, to the great disquiet of the cook. If any one attempted to catch them, they would run quickly around or creep under the furniture, defending themselves vigorously with bill and feet. If left free, they would go back of their own accord to their accustomed dwelling place. Sometimes, when the maid attempted to drive them away, they would strike out at her and tear her clothes. They would run into the stall between the horses and eat with them from the manger. Often they would push open the door of Dr. Bennett's study, run quietly around, look at everything, and go their way. Dr. Bennett says: "It was dangerous to leave any object around which was capable of being swallowed. The servant was starching some muslin cuffs, and hearing the bell ring she squeezed up the cuff, threw it into the starch, and attended to the summons. On her return the cuff was gone, and she discovered that the mooruk was the thief, its beak and being covered with the starch." The height of this bird is about five feet when standing erect.—*From Brehm's Animal life.*



THE HELMET CASSOWARY.

THE ARTILLERY FERN.

The artillery fern, or flower, as it is sometimes called, is a curious and beautiful plant which is not very generally known outside of rare collections or of florists' green houses. It acquires its singular name from the military and explosive fashion with which it resists the action of water upon it. If a branch of the fern, covered with its small red seeds, be dipped into water and then held up to the light there soon commences a strange phenomenon. First one bud will explode with a sharp little crack throwing into the air its pollen in the shape of a small cloud of yellow dust. This will be followed by another and another, until very soon the entire fern-like branch will be seen discharging these miniature volleys with their tiny puffs of smoke. This occurs whenever the plant is watered, and the effect of the entire fern in this condition of rebellion is very curious as well as beautiful. As the buds thus open they assume the shape of a miniature Geneva cross, too small to the naked eye to attract much attention, but under a magnifying glass they are seen to possess very rare and delicate beauty.—*Christian Union.*

The Family Circle.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY MRS. M. B. CHICK.

The Master sat in the temple
  Where the crowd before Him passed
Over against the treasury,
  Where the offerings were cast.

The haughty priest and Pharisee,
  The rich and the poor were there,
And the hearts of all like an open book
  Before His sight lay bare.

Like an open page before Him
  He read each heart aright,
No secret thought or motive
  Was hidden from His sight.

He knew who gave with grudging,
  And who with proud display,
And who with willing heart and hand
  From out his store that day.

The widow from her scanty store
  Let one poor farthing fall,
Yet in the loving Master's sight
  Her gift was more than all.

And I somehow think the Master
  Sits just as He did then
Over against the treasury
  To weigh the gifts of men.

He knows who gives with grudging,
  And who with proud display,
And he who gives with loving grace,
  Just as He did that day.

The poor from out their scanty store
  Still bring their offering small,
Yet their humble gifts are counted much
  By Him who weighs them all.

—*Zion's Herald.*

THE EMERGENCY DRILL.

Sometimes in the long winter evenings, Henry Bruce amused himself making out lists of lonely people, and his own name always stood at the head. He agreed that Robinson Crusoe had a hard time, but Robinson Crusoe could remember when he had as much company as he wanted, and Henry could not, The Man in the Iron Mask was solitary enough, but how about the time before he wore it? As for St. Simeon Stylites, Henry would not put him on the list at all, because, even if he did choose to live on the top of a high pillar, he always had a crowd gaping up at him. Henry's grievance was one he shared with Adam: he had never had a boy to play with him.

His father was the keeper of a light-house on the northern coast of England, The light-house stood on a rock two miles out at sea, but Henry lived with his mother and little sister in a cottage on the mainland. There was not another house within sight, and not a boy within a day's travel. Men used to come up the coast shooting and fishing, but curiously enough no boys ever came along, and although Henry had seen them on vessels, he had never had a good, honest hour's play or talk with a boy in all his life.

There was another odd thing about the life here. At all light-houses in these times there are two or three men, so if one gets sick there will be some one to take his place. But Mr. Bruce had never had an assistant. Everything had always gone on right, and so the government had never realized that he was alone, and he never spoke of it because he was afraid that he would be paid less if he had a man to help him. He expected Henry to take the place of assistant as soon as he was old enough. In the meantime to educate the boy for possible contact with the world, he used to put him through what he called "The Emergency Drill." This related to different matters, but it always began in the same way. The first question was: "What is the matter? The second: "What first?" Then, "Do I need help?" and if the answer to this was "yes," then: "Where shall I get it?" Henry became so used to these questions that he put them to himself on many occasions, and he often amused himself playing he was a general on the battle-field, or a king out hunting, and he imagined all sorts of troubles when the "Drill" was in use.

One morning a fishing boat came in bound to the nearest town, and Mrs. Bruce asked the men to take her along to buy yarn for the children's stockings. They agreed, but told her she would have to walk back, but she was willing to do this, although the distance was twelve miles, because, as she said, if they did not take her she would have to walk both ways.

Everything went on very well until near sunset when the sky began to cloud, and little Lucy became cross and sleepy and cried for her mother. Henry gave her bread and milk, but still she fretted. She did not want to play and she would not go to sleep.

"My goodness!" he cried. "I wish all babies were grown up! I would rather hunt lions than to take care of you!" He then picked her up and carried her to the door. "Now," he said, "we will watch for mamma."

The rocks stood up against a gray and heavy sky. The wind had begun to moan, and the birds flew screaming over the water. There was not a sign of their mother coming on the beach, and Henry felt more lonely than ever. He looked over to the light-house and wished his father would light it up, and it seemed to him that sunset, the time for lighting, must surely have come. Suddenly a little flag appeared in the lantern. Henry sprang to his feet.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed in real earnest.

"I don't know," was his reply.

"What's first?"

"To go to the light-house."

But he was mistaken. The first thing he had to do was to dispose of Lucy. He could not take her; he could not leave her.

"If you were only a horse," he hurriedly cried, "I could put you in the stable. If you were a cow I'd tie you to the stake; but what can I do with a baby?"

"Lucy can go," said the child.

"No, she can't," he answered. And then he looked out again, but his mother was not yet in sight, and the red flag which meant "Come at once," still shook and beckoned to him.

He tied Lucy into her little chair with an apron, and wrote a note to his mother:

"DEAR MOTHER father wanted me right away and the lamp is not lit and it is after sunset and I hope Lucy won't get into any trubble.

"Your son HENRY BRUCE"

He put this note in front of the lamp and hurried off.

A boat was always kept ready, and Henry sprang into it and rowed off with energy. It was dark, however, when he reached the light-house, and the rain had begun to fall. He tied his boat to the little pier and ran to the tower. He opened a small, heavy bronze door and entered a large, always dimly-lighted room, in which was stored coal and wood, oil for the lamp and fresh water from the mainland.

The stairs were in this room and Henry ran up. The room above was the kitchen, over that was the bedroom and from this a ladder led to the lantern. Henry called but there was no answer. He went up into he lantern. All was dark and silent. He spoke again and again but still all was silent Then he heard a groan, and he rushed down the ladder, got the keeper's hand-lamp and ran back. His father lay on the floor; his eyes were closed and blood ran from his temple. It was plain that he had fallen and hurt himself.

Henry began to cry. He did not know what to do, and the "Emergency Drill" didn't occur to him. Then he remembered that he ought to stop the flow of blood, and taking his father's handkerchief from his pocket he tied up the wound. Still his father neither spoke nor moved. Then he cried again. And then he thought of his mother. She must by this time be at home, and without hesitation he rushed off again, but this time to the boat. It took but a moment to untie it and spring in and be off.

The rain fell heavily, the waves dashed on the rocks, and Henry looking up saw the dim outline of the light-house. He stopped rowing. His heart gave a great jump, and before his eyes seemed to flash the "charge to keepers" hung up in the light-house:

"You are to light the lamps every evening at sun-setting and keep them burning bright and clear until sun-rising."

His father's faithfulness, the great importance of lighting up, rushed into Henry's mind, and again he involuntarily repeated his "Emergency Drill."

"What is the matter?"

"The lamps are not lighted."

"What's first?"

"To light them."

He turned his boat and rowed back a few rods. But was it first? It could not be! He must take his mother over. His father would die for want of help. As he paused, trembling, anxious, irresolute, he remembered how often his father had said that no wreck should ever be his fault, and it was a terrible night!

Henry knew what his father would say, and he at once rowed directly back. He returned to the house, stumbled up the dark stairs, got the lamp again and ran up into the lantern. It took him but a moment to light the lamps, and the glow spread out on the sea, and aroused by the glare his father opened his eyes.

"The lamps," he said.

"I have lighted them," Henry replied "and now I am going for mother."

"Stay!" was the answer, and his father closed his eyes again.

Henry hesitated, but he sat down in the hard chair in which his father spent each night watching. He knew what his father meant. The lights would go out, and needed care all night.

And so Henry sat there. The wind howled; the house shook and swayed; the sea-birds dashed against the glass; the rain beat on the roof, and all sorts of wild sounds seemed to be in the air. Sometimes he got up and bathed his father's head with water. He brought a pillow. He talked to him, but had no answer but a moan, yet he never cried, and he never ceased to keep the lights burning "bright and clear."

It seemed to him nearly morning when he heard pounding at the lighthouse door. He knew it was some one seeking shelter, and he went down and opened it. There stood a man and a boy and—his mother!

Henry cried then! And he laughed and he clung around her neck, and he poured out that his father was hurt and he had kept the lights burning, and he had to leave Lucy, and all of it in one breath.

"But," said his mother, pushing back her wet hair, "I do not understand. Where is your father? Where is Lucy?"

"He is up-stairs. I left a note for you by the lamp."

"But I have not been home," exclaimed his mother. "I have been all night on the sea. Our friends here told me they would give me passage back, so I waited. It became dark so early, and we were dashed on the rocks and our mast broken. We had no idea where we were, and we could not see the light-house. Then all at once it blazed up, and all night, this fearful night, we have struggled toward it."

And so it was his mother that Henry saved when he decided that his father would hold his duty dearer than his life, and turning back took his place and kept the signal lights burning.

How happy they all were that night after the keeper was carried down stairs and came to his senses, and told how he fell and only had power to put out the flag. The only thing that troubled Mrs. Bruce was the thought of Lucy tied in her chair. When Mr. Bruce recovered he asked for an assistant, and when the man came behold he brought his son, a year younger than Henry, and Henry felt as if he had got his "Man Friday."—*Louise Stockton in Our Continent.*

WHITE HANDS.

It was the evening before Commencement at Mt. Pleasant Seminary. Six young ladies of the graduating class were gathered around a window overlooking the pleasant grounds, and talking eagerly about the future. Their plans were various, reaching onward with no thought of grief or sorrow. Wealth, admiration, fame, were among the attainable. Music and art would each have its devotee. One would continue her studies at a higher institution; another would become the mistress of a beautiful home.

One had not spoken, and when the question, a second time, was asked impatiently, "Louise, what are your plans?" her answer was eagerly awaited. "I shall help my mother," said quiet Louise. "O-o-oh, we all mean to do that, of course," said one "but what plans have you? You can't mean just to stay at home in a poky way and not try to do anything?" "Girls," said Louise, "I do mean to do just that; for the present, at least, my business shall be to help my mother in any way that it is possible for me to help her."

A glance at the puzzled faces around her, and she continued: "Shall I open my heart to you a bit and let you read a sad page from it? You remember Stella Morton? You remember that I once visited her during vacation? Her home was very pleasant, and a large family of brothers and sisters made the days pass merrily. Our pleasures kept us so much out of doors that we saw little of Mrs. Morton—a delicate, quiet lady, always ready to bestow sympathy when needed. I noticed that the girls were not so tidy and helpful about the house as I had been taught to be, but as I did not see who supplied all deficiencies I thought little about it. One day a picnic had been planned, and I heard the girls impatiently commenting upon the illness of the one servant, as it threw upon them some disagreeable household duties. How Mrs. Morton ever accomplished the delicious lunch we ate that day, only such overworked mothers can explain; the little assistance given by Stella and Alice must have been most unsatisfactory.

"We returned by moonlight, so tired that we went to our rooms without seeing any one, if indeed any one was up at that hour. By and by—I don't know how long we had slept—a frightened voice called Stella, who shared my room, and soon we all knew that gentle, tired Mrs. Morton was alarmingly ill. At sunrise she was gone, without hearing the voices so full of love and sorrow. Girls, I can't describe Stella's grief; she placed her own delicate hand beside the thin, toil-stained dead one, and said, 'See, Louise, at what a cost mine is so fair; and I have been vain of my white hands.' She kissed the cold fingers again and again.

"One day I found Stella at her mother's work table holding up some unfinished piece, evidently left in haste. 'Louise,' she said, 'mother asked me to do this and I really meant to; oh, why didn't I do it at once?'

"You can understand what an impression all this made upon me, and when, a few days later, I was called home by the illness of my own mother, the feeling was intensified. Mother was very ill, and as hope grew fainter my distress was hardly less than Stella's. One night, when my sister and I were too anxious to sleep, I told her about Stella, and we then pledged ourselves to take from mother every possible care, and to make our home our first object. Mother's illness made it seem more natural and easy at first, and everything moved on so smoothly that I really think she regained her health more quickly. All the mending and sewing were done promptly under her direction, and we always silenced her by saying that we liked to do it. She seldom knows what is preparing for tea or breakfast; we beg her not to enquire, for we know that she enjoys little surprises. The boys and the dear baby are better and happier for having so much of her time and attention.

"Last summer I visited Stella again. She is the light of the home. Only for the discipline I had passed through could I understand how she was able to accomplish so much. Her hands were not fair and delicate, but I thought them more beautiful. Why, girls, I never see a pretty hand now without wondering if it has a right to be fair and white. So I am going home to help mother; I shall be happy because I know it is my duty."

As Louise finished speaking the retiring bell sounded. Not a word was spoken, but the kiss that each bestowed upon the flushed face of the earnest speaker told of the impression her words had made. Those mothers alone can tell whether the influence was lasting.—*Congregationalist.*

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

When I went to see aunt Patsy to-day, I found her darning kitchen towels. "Well, well," said I, "aunt Patsy, have you no better use for your time and eyesight than that?"

The old lady laughed gently, and her needle halted for a few minutes in its forward and backward trips: "Yes, it is foolish, my dear," she said, rubbing her glasses

and getting ready to begin again, "but the force of habit is very strong in us old folks, and when I was young we darned our towels always, coarse or fine: we studied economies in those days of which you young people have never dreamed, and, indeed, in your grandfather's large family our utmost endeavor did not always make his moderate salary stretch over our necessities."

"And yet," I said musingly, "grandpa married an heiress!"

"Yes," said aunt Patsy quietly, "as money was counted in those days, my mother had a very pretty fortune."

"I know, of course, what became of it," said I, "but did you never feel, auntie, in the days when you were really pushed to get along, that grandpa was wrong to use up all his wife's money, even for charitable purposes? that her children had a right to its benefits, as well as the young men he educated, the orphans he provided for, the blacks he sent to Liberia, the churches he helped to build, and all the many plans that were furthered by that money?"

"If I ever held such opinions," said my dear old lady, a little more slowly than she had answered my other questions, "I have lived to see them disproved, and my father's course not only justified, but rewarded."

"Well," said I, "as nobody can suspect me of any personal regret in the matter (having more of this world's goods already than is quite safe for one), I may be allowed to say that, even looked at from the most heavenly-minded standpoint, the blessed grandfather made a mistake. If all the rich Christians gave away their fortunes right and left, interest and capital, our resources would soon be exhausted, and our schemes of benevolence crippled."

My listener pushed her slender needle backward and forward in silence. "Now, don't you agree with me?" I pressed at length.

"I have not thought enough on that side of the question," she answered, "to say much about it; but I have spent many years thinking gratefully over the proofs that my father made a good investment of his wife's money."

"The proofs?"

"Yes," she said, with sudden warmth, laying aside her finished task. "How can you fail to see them? Where are his children and grandchildren to-day? Can you show me a family more blessed in every direction than your grandfather's? Beginning with the natural cause and effect—the usual road along which Providence sends blessing or punishment—the struggle of life, sanctified by the warm piety that had prompted the generous distribution of my parents' fortune, was of uncounted value to their children, especially the boys. The simplicity of the home life, the industry and energy necessary, the independence and self-reliance, and at the same time mutual helpfulness, furnished such training as no rich man can secure for his children, try as he may. Our boys learned to deny themselves cheerfully, to think little of personal ease or comfort, to value and seize all opportunities for improvement, and to be thoroughly in earnest in all their undertakings.

"I need not point you to results; two of the sons are ministers of the gospel, whose old age is made beautiful by a long record of usefulness and honored influence; whose families are realizing in things temporal and spiritual, in earthly prosperity and heavenly hopes, the blessings of the Covenant. And the other sons, having a larger share of wealth and renown, have been followed by the blessing of God, keeping their sons and daughters from all the snares and temptations which beset riches and high position.

"Your mother, your aunt Jane and I have been the happy centres of such homes as few women have; generous and abundant support being added to the richer blessings of mutual sympathy and confidence and love. Even physically, we have as a family been rarely blessed. We are now old people, but since we laid the dear father and mother to rest, neither disease nor death has touched us. Tell me now, my dear young philosopher, from what other investment could your grandfather have realized such returns?"

Ah, thought I, going home with eyes clearer for having looked through aunt Patsy's spectacles, the children of light are sometimes wiser in their generation than the the children of this world: witness my grandfather's good investment!—*Morning Star.*

"HOWBEIT."

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

David, the man after God's own heart, was suddenly drawn into sin. He seems, so far as we can see, not to have any misgiving or uneasiness in regard to his sin, for when Nathan, God's prophet, comes to him with a story which but allegorized his own actions, he does not catch the meaning, but exclaims, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die!"

Yet, when Nathan shows him his sin in its true light, he cries out, "I have sinned against the Lord," and at once comes the declaration of mercy, "The Lord, also, hath put away thy sin."

But then follows a word that should stand out as a terrible warning to the young—"Howbeit." He is forgiven, but the consequences of the sin must follow.

Young people, especially young boys, are often taught that they can "sow their wild oats," can be careless and heedless, can associate with the unbelieving and the impure, and yet, by the mercy of God, they will be stopped on their downward career, and be as pure and happy as if they had never known such habits and associations. It is false. The "howbeit" of sin must follow, though God, in his infinite mercy, may change it into a blessing. There is the "howbeit" of memory. Do you wish your past to be full of sweet, pure, pictures? The only way is to choose the good and pure in youth.

There is the "howbeit" of health. The man who yields to every whim of his appetites, who cannot resist the temptations of youth, may not be lost. He may, by God's grace, become a power in the church and do much good, but the strong, healthy body that he might have had cannot be his—he must pay the penalty of his excess.

There is the "howbeit" that goes on into another life—a life dearer than your own. Perhaps, as in David's case, the child is taken—happy little one! But ah, bitterer punishment yet, perhaps the child inherits the weakness the father yielded to so long, and the son goes down to a drunkard's grave because of his father's sin!

Would you escape such an awful "howbeit" in your life, my boy reader? The only sure way is to choose this day to be pure, and true, and God-fearing. Remember, it is not enough to know the good, it is not enough to love the good. You must choose it; that alone will make it yours, and will insure you happy memories, a pure, vigorous body, a fearless outlook into the future.—*Am. Messenger.*

FINDING THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

Old "Aunt Janie" lived all alone in the great city of London. She was very poor, besides being infirm. Long ago want had entered her dwelling, and she often had a hard struggle for her daily bread.

One day, as she was sitting alone in her comfortless, half empty room, eating her scanty crust, her attention was attracted to a singular outline on the beams of the wall. These walls had been whitewashed by her own hands, not long before; and until this moment she had never discovered it, but to-day it looked surprisingly as if there had been a square opening in one of them like a door, now carefully closed up. Old Janie's eyes were dimmed by age, and it is not to be wondered at that she had never noticed it before, and yet, perhaps, this was the precise moment when the surprising revelation was to be made to her, who can wonder? for I am telling you a true story.

She examined it closely, for she remembered, as a child the fearful days of the Revolution, when no property was safe and she bethought herself that far away in those troublous days some rich man might have concealed a treasure there—money, most likely—and fallen a victim to the cruel war before he had time to remove it; or, perhaps, one of the saints to whom she prayed daily had preserved it there, to sweeten the evening of her days!

For the first time she tapped with her finger, and the boards returned a hollow sound. With a beating heart poor Janie tried to remove the panel, and, after some difficulty, she succeeded in doing so, when lo! instead of the gold and silver she had expected to see, she found only a damp book, mouldy and very old. She was so terribly disappointed that she was just ready to replace the boards and leave the book to crumble away, but, what if there should be some bank-notes, after all, hidden between the leaves, or, at any rate, valuable papers. But she could find nothing; it was after all only a book, and a mouldy one at that.

But what sort of a book could it be, hidden away so carefully; there must be something uncommon about it. So she wiped it off as well as she could, in spite of her vexation, and sat herself down to see what it was about, for old Janie had been taught to read in her childhood.

Instantly her eyes fell upon the words, "Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; not yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" The words that she read appeared to her so sweet and precious, so comforting that she read on and on, during the whole day and into the night, forgetting to eat, and not wishing even to sleep.

The next morning she sat down again to this musty old book, the words of which were sinking into her soul, and making an ever deepening impression there, and, as she opened, she read, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved"; and again, as she turned, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

What joy! Her little chamber looked no longer desolate. She had found companionship at last, even that of the "King of kings," whose gracious words were like streams of blessedness flowing in to her lonely heart. Her food, which so long had seemed the bread of tears, now came to be like bread from heaven, for her heart, through much tribulation, had at last learned to know a Saviour's love.

She cleaned and bound the book as best she could, which, you all know now, was the Bible, that Book of books, the "Pearl of Great Price," and it was to her as meat and drink, by day and by night. From it she had learned the great lesson of life, even in the last days of her pilgrimage, and only waited for that blessed time when she should enter into the joy of that Lord, who had so mysteriously revealed himself to her, and who, when the bitter trials of her life were all passed, would welcome her among the innumerable company of the redeemed.

You ask me what became of the book? It is now in the hands of an aged pastor, to whom, in her last hours, she confided its history, and bequeathed it as the richest legacy she could have to bestow. The volume was so old as to date back to the time of the Huguenot persecution. No one ever knew its history, but God used it, then and there, to save a soul from death. Truly, His ways are wonderful and past finding out.—*N. Y. Observer.*

FAITH'S WARRANT.

You are commanded to believe upon the authority of God Himself. He bids you believe in Jesus Christ, and you must not refuse to obey your Maker. The foreman of certain works in the north had often heard the Gospel, but he was troubled with the fear that he might not come to Christ. His good master one day sent a card round to the works—"Come to my house immediately after work." The foreman appeared at his master's door, and the master came out, and said somewhat roughly, "What do you want, John, troubling me at this time? Work is done, what right have you here?" "Sir," said he, "I had a card from you saying that I was to come after work." "Do you mean to say that, merely because you had a card from me, you are to come up to my house and call me out after business hours?" Well, sir," replied the foreman, "I do not understand you, but it seems to me that, as you sent for me, I had a right to come." "Come in, John," said his master, "I have another message that I want to read to you; and he sat down and read these words—"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Do you think, after such a message from Christ, that you can be wrong in going to Him?" The poor man saw it all at once, and believed because he saw that he had good warrant and authority for believing.—*Spurgeon.*

CROSSNESS.

I knew a dying colored girl, brought up in a hovel, "used," you would say, surely, to rough words, yet in want and pain her one muttered complaint was, "I hate to hear so much quarrelling."

It did not touch a hair of her head; it never would, but it was worse than dying.

I knew a family who started out with every promise. The mother, especially, toiled for their good; unselfish, clear-headed, indefatigable. I rarely saw a more skilful worker, and at forty-five she looked sixty. But crossness spoiled all. Her husband deserted her; half her children openly hated her. She was desolate, and they were hardened in character.

Beware, strong-voiced man! Beware, hard-driven woman! It is easy to make your home a place of misery, yourself a terror, and not even know it. It cannot be that you would do it wittingly.—*American Messenger.*

Question Corner.—No. 20.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where was the Tabernacle set up after the Israelites entered the Promised Land?

2. In connection with what priest and what prophet do we afterward hear of this place?

3. What heathen tribe captured the Ark of the Covenant, and who judged Israel at the time?

4. Which of the Psalms is a prayer for Solomon foretelling the glory of his kingdom as typical of Christ's reign upon earth?

5. Where was Jesus when he uttered the words "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not"?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The Stone whose name means "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

1. The scribe helped by God to rebuild His house.
2. The village where Christ helped two sisters by raising their brother.
3. The prophet whom God helped by means of ravens.
4. The leper whom a little maid helped to cure.
5. The queen whom God helped to save her nation.
6. The governor whom God helped by the words of Haggai.
7. The land to which Israel was forbidden to go down for help.
8. The city where the Lord promised to help Paul to bear witness of Him.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 18

SCRIPTURE SCENE.—1 Chron. xv. 25, 29.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—The Cross of Christ.—Gal. vi. 14.

1. C-ain	. . . . .	Gen. iv. 6.
2. R-am	. . . . .	Gen. xxii. 13.
3. O-badiah	. . . . .	1 Kings xviii. 4.
4. S-amaria	. . . . .	1 Kings xvi. 29.
5. S-apphira	. . . . .	Acts v. 1.

The following metrical answer to the acrostic of No. 15 has been sent to us.

1. *Joab*, Zeruiah's son, a murderer, he
2. Slew *Abner*, son of Ner, in basest treachery.
3. *Chuza*, as Joanna's lord, we place,
4. And *Huz* the first of Milcah's race.
5. Through *ignorance* was Jesus slain,
6. And *Nathan*, David did arraign.
7. The poison *asp* shall yield to infant hand.
8. *Nahbi* son of Vopsi, spied the land.
9. *Daniel's* learning shall forever shine.
10. *Berachel* was sprung from Buz's line.
11. *Omega's* name the last, shall wake the dead
12. *Abiathar* the priest, to David fled,
13. Small *Zaccheus* climbed up into a tree,

That so the Saviour passing he might see.
Right pillar's name we Jachin find,
And Boaz left; which bring to mind
Their meaning; both so clear defined.
For Jachin means Stability;
And Boaz, in His Strength to be.
Initial letters trace their name,
And final letters all explain.

A. H. W., 70 YEARS OLD.

Marlatte, Mich.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Mrs. A. Dickson, Sarah L. Rogers, Ella Moore, Lillian Greene, Albert Jesse French, George A. Riddel, and W. S. Denison.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.

Oct. 23, 1883.] [1 Sam. 10: 17-27.

SAUL CHOSEN KING.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 18, 19.

17. And Samuel called the people together unto the Lord to Mizpeh:

18. And said unto the children of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I brought up Israel out of Egypt, and delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of all kingdoms, and of them that oppressed you:

19. And ye have this day rejected your God, who himself saved you out of all your adversities and your tribulations; and ye have said unto him, Nay, but set a king over us. Now therefore present yourselves before the Lord by your tribes, and by your thousands.

20. And when Samuel had caused all the tribes of Israel to come near, the tribe of Benjamin was taken.

21. When he had caused the tribe of Benjamin to come near by their families, the family of Matri was taken, and Saul the son of Kish was taken; and when they sought him, he could not be found.

22. Therefore they enquired of the Lord further, if the man should yet come thither. And the Lord answered, Behold, he hath hid himself among the stuff.

23. And they ran and fetched him thence: and when he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward.

24. And Samuel said to all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people? And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king.

25. Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book, and laid it up before the Lord. And Samuel sent all the people away, every man to his house.

26. And Saul also went home to Gibeah; and there went with him a band of men, whose hearts God had touched.

27. But the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him, and brought him no presents. But he held his peace.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And all the people shouted and said, God save the king."—1 SAM. 10: 24.

TOPIC.—God the Ruler of Kings.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE NATION ASSEMBLED, vs. 17-19. 2. THE KING CHOSEN, vs. 20-23. 3. THE PEOPLE REJOICING, vs. 24-27.

Time.—B.C. 1095. Place.—Mizpeh.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 17. MIZPEH—a city of Benjamin, about five miles from Jerusalem; a general gathering-place of the tribes. V. 18. I BROUGHT UP ISRAEL OUT OF EGYPT—the Lord recounts his mercies to show their ingratitude. V. 19. REJECTED YOUR GOD—by this demand. NOW THEREFORE—since you have thus chosen to your own hurt. PRESENT YOURSELVES BEFORE THE LORD—they were about to make a solemn appeal to him, and were directed to give reverent attention. YOUR THOUSANDS—your families. Num. 1:16; 10:4; Josh. 22: 14. The same course was pursued in the detection of a criminal (Josh. 7:16-18) and the selection of a king. Tribes, families and individuals were successively taken by lot. V. 21. HE COULD NOT BE FOUND—knowing what the result would be, with mingled feelings of modesty and fear he had concealed himself. V. 22 THE LORD ANSWERED—thus making it more apparent that Saul was the one divinely chosen. V. 23. HIGHER THAN ANY—tall of stature and noble in appearance, he answered, at least in body, to the primitive ideal of a king. V. 24. WHOM THE LORD HATH CHOSEN—the people had wickedly asked for a king, but the Lord had chosen him. GOD SAVE THE KING—the common salutation among the English people; the literal rendering of the Hebrew is given in the margin, "Let the king live." Thus they declared their allegiance. V. 25. THE MANNER OF THE KINGDOM—the divine authority for its institution, and the title of Saul to the crown. LAID IT UP—as the charter of the realm. BEFORE THE LORD—beside the copy of the law, near the ark of the covenant. V. 26. SAUL WENT HOME TO GIBEAH—his birthplace, and the seat of his government during the greater part of his reign. HEARTS GOD HAD TOUCHED—had been influenced to show themselves willing and faithful as his body-guard. V. 27. CHILDREN OF BELIAL—worthless, lawless people. HOLD HIS PEACE—showing self-control and wisdom.

TEACHINGS:

1. God shows great forbearance toward the erring.
2. He controls the conduct of men, whether they receive or reject his authority.
3. He disciplines them by letting them have their way.
4. He does not leave them utterly to the consequences of their folly.
5. When the ends of discipline are answered, he provides for them something better than they had desired.

LESSON V.

Nov. 4, 1883.] [1 Sam. 12: 13-25.

SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 23-25.

13. Now therefore behold the king whom ye have chosen, and whom ye have desired! and, behold, the Lord hath set a king over you.

14. If ye will fear the Lord, and serve him, and obey his voice, and not rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall both ye and also the king that reigneth over you continue following the Lord your God:

15. But if ye will not obey the voice of the Lord, but rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall the hand of the Lord be against you, as it was against your fathers.

16. Now therefore stand and see this great thing, which the Lord will do before your eyes.

17. Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking you a king.

18. So Samuel called unto the Lord; and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day: and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel.

19. And all the people said unto Samuel, Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God, that we die not: for we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king.

20. And Samuel said unto the people, Fear not: ye have done all this wickedness: yet turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart;

21. And turn ye not aside: for then should ye go after vain things, which cannot profit nor deliver; for they are vain.

22. For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake: because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people.

23. Moreover as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you: but I will teach you the good and the right way:

24. Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you.

25. But if ye shall still do wickedly, ye shall be consumed, both ye and your king.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you."—1 SAM. 12: 24.

TOPIC.—The Duty of Serving God.

LESSON PLAN.—1. CONDITION OF BLESSING: vs. 13-15. 2. SIN RECALLED, vs. 16-19. 3. COUNSELS AND BLESSINGS, vs. 20-25.

Time.—About B.C. 1095. Place.—Gilgal.

INTRODUCTORY.

Saul, after he was chosen king, remained for a while at Gibeah. Nahash, king of the Ammonites, laid siege to Jabeshgilead. The elders asked for seven days' respite, and meanwhile sent messengers to their brethren imploring aid. Saul immediately collected a large army, took the Ammonites by surprise and defeated them. This success had an immediate effect upon the people. With one voice they hailed Saul as their deliverer. Samuel then ordered an assembly of the people at Gilgal to "renew the kingdom" (1 Sam. 11: 14). At this assembly Samuel delivered the farewell address from which our lesson is taken.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 13. THE LORD HATH SET A KING OVER YOU—the Lord had given him his authority. V. 14. IF YE WILL FEAR THE LORD—God's favor and blessing would be with both king and people as long as they were faithful to the Lord. FOLLOWING THE LORD—adhering to his worship and service. V. 15. IF YE WILL NOT OBEY—disobedience will be followed by judgments. V. 17. WHEAT HARVEST—the end of June or beginning of July, at which season it seldom rains in Palestine. V. 18. THE LORD SENT—in answer to Samuel's prayer, and in approval of what he had spoken. Panic-struck, the people confessed their sin, and asked Samuel to intercede for them. (See 1 John 2: 1.) V. 20. FEAR NOT—he comforts them with the assurance of pardon. TURN NOT ASIDE—leave not the service of Jehovah. SERVE THE LORD—give him the full devotion of your hearts and lives. V. 21. AFTER VAIN THINGS—false gods. V. 22. FOR HIS GREAT NAME'S SAKE—his own honor is pledged not to forsake them. V. 23. I WILL TEACH YOU—God's service is both right and good. Samuel sets before the people two motives for serving God: (1) gratitude for past mercies, and (2) fear of future judgments.

TEACHINGS:

1. Prosperity in sin is no security against punishment.
2. Transgressors are in the greatest need of warning when they are successful in their undertakings.
3. God will glorify his own name in the salvation of his chosen people.
4. He will surely punish those who do wickedly.
5. The great things he has done for us should lead us to fear and serve him.

LESSON VI.

Nov. 11, 1883.] [1 Sam. 15: 12-26.

SAUL REJECTED.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 24-26.

12. And when Samuel rose early to meet Saul in the morning, it was told Samuel, saying, Saul came to Carmel, and, behold, he set him up a place, and is gone about, and passed on, and gone down to Gilgal.

13. And Samuel came to Saul: and Saul said unto him, Blessed be thou of the Lord: I have performed the commandment of the Lord.

14. And Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?

15. And Saul said, They have brought them from the Amalekites: for the people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God; and the rest we have utterly destroyed.

16. Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay, and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on.

17. And Samuel said, When thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel, and the Lord anointed thee king over Israel?

18. And the Lord sent thee on a journey, and said, Go and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed.

19. Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst fly upon the spoil, and didst evil in the sight of the Lord?

20. And Saul said unto Samuel, Yea, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and have gone the way which the Lord sent me, and have brought Agag the king of Amalek, and have utterly destroyed the Amalekites.

21. But the people took of the spoil, sheep and oxen, the chief of the things which should have been utterly destroyed, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in Gilgal.

22. And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.

23. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king.

24. And Saul said unto Samuel, I have sinned; for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and thy words: because I feared the people, and obeyed their voice.

25. Now therefore, I pray thee, pardon my sin, and turn again with me, that I may worship the Lord.

26. And Samuel said unto Saul, I will not return with thee, for thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice."—1 SAM. 15: 22.

TOPIC.—The Penalty of Disobedience.

LESSON PLAN.—1. SAUL'S DISOBEDIENCE AND HYPOCRISY, vs. 12: 15. 2. HIS REPROOF AND DEFENCE, vs. 16-21. 3. HIS CONDEMNATION AND REJECTION, vs. 22-26.

Time.—B.C. 1079. Place.—Gilgal.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 12. CARMEL—about ten miles south-east from Hebron. A PLACE—a pillar which he had set up to his own honor. V. 13. I HAVE PERFORMED—he tries to cover his disobedience by falsehood. V. 14. SAMUEL SAID—the sheep and oxen betrayed Saul. V. 15. THEY—the people. He tried to shift the responsibility from himself to the people. TO SACRIFICE UNTO THE LORD THY GOD—with a show of generosity, he tried to screen them from blame by this pretext; V. 16. STAY—leave off these false pretences. THIS NIGHT—the night just past. V. 17. WHEN THOU WAST LITTLE—the Lord had raised him from a humble condition. V. 18. THE SINNERS THE AMALEKITES—these words give the reason why this people were to be destroyed: because they tried to destroy God's people. V. 20. I HAVE OBEYED—a vain attempt at self-justification. He did not deny that he himself had spared Agag, but tried to excuse the act by referring to the thoroughness with which he had executed the doom of destruction upon his people. V. 22. TO OBEY—no amount of costly offerings can release us from the duty of obeying God. V. 23. REBELLION—a disposition to act independently of the authority of Jehovah. WITCHCRAFT—rather, divination. Disobedience is a rejection of God, and "on a par" with appeal to false gods for guidance and approach to idols in worship. HE ALSO HATH REJECTED THEE—Saul had first rejected the Lord, and this is the doom pronounced upon him. V. 24. SAUL SAID UNTO SAMUEL—Saul could no longer deny or excuse his sin. He therefore confessed it, but in such a way as showed that his heart was unchanged. V. 25. PARDON MY SIN—he seems to have been more anxious because Samuel was offended than because the Lord was angry with him.

TEACHINGS:

1. God requires of us absolute obedience.
2. Good words and intentions will not excuse a bad act.
3. The fear of man is no excuse for disobeying God.
4. Men often throw the blame of their evil deeds on others.
5. Sin blights our position and ruins our prospects.

DUST ON THE COVER.

A clergyman in Ireland was preaching to his congregation upon the text, "Search the Scriptures." In the course of his sermon, while admonishing his hearers of the guilt and danger of neglecting the Word of God, he quoted a passage of a divine, in which he speaks of the Bible as sometimes having enough dust upon its cover to admit of the brief but appalling scriptural expression, "damnation," being written legibly thereon.

A young lady, a member of the congregation, was struck by the peculiar force of the expression used, and spoke of it upon her return home. Her brother, a young man who had on that day causelessly absented himself from the public service of the sanctuary, overheard her, and it pleased God that the words—or rather the startling thought which they suggested—should go home like an arrow to his heart. He hurriedly withdrew to his chamber, took down his Bible from a shelf, and looked at it; there was dust upon the cover. With trembling finger he traced, half unconsciously, the appalling phrase which the preacher had used. There it stood, distinctly legible. He read it, he repeated it, he burst into a flood of tears; and falling upon his knees, with streaming eyes and heaving breast, he besought the God of whom that neglected Bible testifies, that He would mercifully pardon this grievous sin, and give him grace to neglect it no longer.

The seeds of consumption, unknown to himself and unsuspected by his relatives were lurking in that young man's constitution at the time destined to be speedily and fatally developed. And during the weary days and sleepless nights which were ere long appointed him, that heretofore neglected Bible was his solace and his stay; and when death came, it found him bearing triumphant testimony to the blessed fact, that the God whom it reveals was his God, and the salvation which it promises his salvation—his joy and his portion for ever!—*Friendly Greetings.*

DO WHAT YOU ARE BID.

It is related of a man who stands very high in this country that once, when he was young and poor, seeking a situation in order to make a living, he went into a rich man's office and inquired if he wanted to hire a boy. The rich man, who was sitting at his desk, leaned back, looked at the weakly little child before him, and quizzically asked,

"Why, what can a little fellow like you do?"

"I can do what I am bid," was the reply promptly and respectfully yet decisively.

The man was so pleased with the boy's answer and manner that he hired him at once. The little fellow was diligent, honest, and faithful. In course of time he became a clerk, then book-keeper and partner, and is now rich and respected by all.

Boys, be willing to work, and to do what you are bid cheerfully and promptly. Be faithful and diligent too, and you, also will succeed in life.—*Child's Paper.*

NO TIME.

A man of business was so engrossed with his cares that he would not rest even on the Sabbath. Half of that day he spent over his accounts; the other half in a ride into the country. Monday morning found him unrefreshed, but still driving on after the world as fast as ever.

"Have you heard of the death of Mr. Danson!" asked one of the party at breakfast.

"No; is he dead? Well, it is very different with me; I am so engaged in business that I could not find time to die." Soon after, having passed into another room, he fell dead on the floor!

He must take time at last. There was no returning to his farm or his merchandise. His business he left behind him in the twinkling of an eye. But the great work of life was undone.—*Friendly Greetings.*

THE REV. RICHARD CECIL had a rich hearer who, when a young man, had solicited his advice, but had not for some time visited him. Mr. Cecil went to his house one day, and, after a friendly salutation, addressed him thus: "I understand you are very dangerously situated." Here he paused, and his friend replied, "I am not aware of it, sir." "I thought it probable you were not aware," said Cecil, "and therefore I have called to warn you. I hear you are getting rich; take care, for it is the road by which the devil leads thousands to destruction." This was spoken with such solemnity and earnestness that it made a deep and lasting impression.—*Morning Star.*

CLUB RATES.

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